

# Everything's Gonna Be Alright

## Naughty By Nature

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Smooth it out  
This is a story about the drifter  
Who waited through the worst for the best in crosstown  
Who never planned on havin' so dick  
Why me, huh?[Chorus]  
Everything's gonna be alright (alright)  
Everything's gonna be alright (alright)  
Everything's gonna be alright now (alright)  
Everything's gonna be alright (alright)Some get a little and some get none  
Some catch a bad one and some leave the job half done  
I was one who never had and always mad  
Never knew my dad, mother fuck the fag  
Where anyway I didn't pick up, flipped the clip up  
Too many stick-ups, 'cause niggas had the trigger hic-ups  
I couldn't get a job, nappy hair was not allowed  
My mother couldn't afford us, she had to throw me out  
I walked the strip, with this here clip, who wanna hit?  
I had to eat, this money's good as spent  
I'm doin' braids, I wasn't paid enough  
I kept 'em long 'cause I couldn't afford a haircut  
I got laughed at, I got chumped, I got dissed  
I got upset, I got a tec and a banana clip  
Was down to throw the led to any tellin' crackhead  
I'm still livin' broke, so a lot of good it would've did  
Or done, if not for bad luck, I would have none  
Why did I have to live a life of such a bad one  
Why when I was a kid and played I was a sad one  
And always wanted to live like this or that one[Chorus]A ghetto bastard, born next to the projects  
Livin' in the slums with bums, I said now why treach  
Why do I have to be like this? momma said I'm priceless  
So I am all worthless, starved, that's just what being nice gets  
Sometimes I wish I could afford a pistol then, though

To stop the hell, I would've ended things a while ago  
I ain't have jack but a black hat and knapsack  
Four squad stolen in cars in a blackjack  
Drop that, and now you want me to rap and give?  
Say somethin' positive? well positive ain't where I lived  
I lived right around a corner from west hell  
Two blocks from south shit, it was in a jail cell  
The sun never shone on my side of the street, see  
And only once or twice a week I would speak  
I walked alone, my state of mind was usually home  
I couldn't keep a girl, they wanted kids for cause of chrome  
Some life, if you ain't wear gold your style was old  
And you got more juice than dope for every bottle sold  
Hell no, I say there's gotta be a better way  
But hey, never gamble in that game that you can't play  
I'm slowin' and flowin' and goin' in on and knowin' not now  
How will I do it, how will I make it? I won't, that's how  
Why me, huh? [Chorus] My third year into adulthood, and still a knucklehead  
I'm better off dead, huh, that's what my neighbor said  
I don't do jack but fightin', lightin' up the streets at night  
Playin' hide and seek with a machete seeking freddy's wife  
Some say I'm rollin' on, nothin' but a dog now  
I answer that with a tech, who wanna bow-wow?  
'cause I done been through more shit within the last week  
Than a fly flowin' in doo-doo on the concrete  
I been a deadbeat, dead to the world and dead wrong  
Since I was born that's my life, oh you don't know this song?  
So don't say jack, and please don't say you understand  
All that man to man talk can just walk down  
If you ain't live you couldn't feel it, so kill it, skillet  
And all that talk about it won't help it out, now will it?  
And ill town fell like I stuck-up props, got shot  
Don't worry, I hit by a, flurry, and his punk-ass dropped  
But I'm the one who has been labeled as an outcast  
In teacher's schools, I'm the misfit child and outlast  
But that's cool with the bull, smack 'em backwards  
That's what you get for fuckin' with a ghetto bastard If you ain't ever been to the ghetto  
Don't ever come to the ghetto  
'cause you ain't understand the ghetto  
And stay the fuck out of the ghetto  
Why me?  
(alright)